Tell me, what do you desire?

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Tell me, what do you desire?

by Silvaxus

Summary

29. **Hand Jobs** / Oral Fixation / Micro/Macro

Everyone knew that being stressed was like Will's only modus operandi but Hannibal maybe found the perfect solution for it.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Will was agitated the second he set a foot in Hannibal's office and roamed the vast room at a restless pace.

Sometimes Hannibal wanted to pay Jack a nightly visit only to turn the rude agent into a piece of art when he was nothing but a waste of space during the day. He was playing with something which was Hannibal's and his alone.

"Will, your work for Jack is getting more and more stressful and you, as you said yourself have no real outlet for it. Maybe we should start to find something that would help you before you burn out completely."

Will huffed and dragged his hands through his already unruly hair.

"You know that your psychological tricks won't work on me, Hannibal, and any time I tried to make my mind shut down the pictures come back, the nightmares."

Sighing, Hannibal got up but decided against joining Will at the window for his next question.

"I know, Will, which is the reason for my next question, unorthodox as it is. When was the last time you've had sex, Will?"

Hannibal's eyes were on the papers on his table but his focus was on Will and so he saw the exact moment when Will's body became a tense wall of defiance.

"What does my sex life have to do with me being able to relax?"

The coldness in Will's voice was dangerous, something sharp, and Hannibal wanted to explore it until he could feel it cut into his skin.

"A lot, Will. The hormones released during sex, or even during masturbation, are the best drugs in a greater sense of the word to help one relax. A lack of these hormones can cause more damage to your mental health than one would expect."

The cold edge around Will vanished and he just looked tired.

"I know, that doesn't change the fact that I have difficulties with having people close and the lack of sex is the result of it."

Humming, Hannibal leaned against his table and was a bit surprised when Will joined him, belying his just-spoken words and making an idea bloom in Hannibal's mind. He just needed to build a pathway leading Will to it.

"Regarding sex, I have to agree. The lack of control over your empathy such a situation would require can make it difficult for you to be just in the moment. However, I see no

reason why this would accrue to be a problem when you are on your own."

Will made a strange sound deep in his chest and crossed his arms in front of his chest.

"And we are back to my problem to begin with. I can't get my mind to shut down enough even to enjoy the company of my hand."

His voice was a growl but Will's words gave Hannibal the opportunity he had been waiting for.

"Maybe you just lack the right stimulation, Will. May I offer you something...unorthodox?"

Will's huff was more like lupine laughter but he answered Hannibal's question nevertheless.

"More unorthodox therapy, Doctor?"

Chuckling, Hannibal pushed himself from the table and gathered his things.

"Since you are still not officially my patient, let's call it...a friendly advice. How about we continue our friendly chat at my home? Much more comfortable than my office."

Will was still tense around the shoulders when they left the office but he followed Hannibal home in his own car.

Once they reached Hannibal's home, Will's nervousness was almost palpable but Hannibal decided against saying something. He needed Will relaxed and soft after all.

"Let me prepare us some tea. I have the perfect type in mind for your situation, Will."

Will followed Hannibal into the kitchen like a shy animal unsure of its surroundings and so Hannibal ignored Will for the time being while he prepared the tea for Will.

He started to mix the right herbs while the water was boiling on the stove.

"Is this something you do for all of your...friends, Hannibal?"

Spoken in a complete neutral voice. Hannibal didn't turn around to answer Will.

"No, Will. You are the only one I've ever offered this and I won't force you to do anything or even participate. I can merely show you the right way to reach what you need on your own ."

When the water was hot enough, Hannibal poured it over the herbs. A spicy yet floral scent filled the air.

"What's in the tea?"

Not bothered by the sudden change of topic, Hannibal placed a mug in front of Will.

“Several herbs and flowers that will help you relax at first before their second effect will come into play. It will help you to stay relaxed enough to enjoy your own company but, should you wish it, I can help you as well by providing enough...mental stimuli as well. This is completely up to you. Observation or participation or nothing of it. The choice is yours.”

Will regarded Hannibal with a critical gaze.

“Why are you doing this anyway?”

Sniffing at the tea, Hannibal poured some of it into Will’s mug and steam rose from it.

“Because I want to help a friend and I want to do it.”

Will made another lupine sound and sniffed his tea without saying something to Hannibal’s declaration.

The silence which followed the preparation of the tea was loaded with anticipation and Hannibal was curious how this day was going to end.

After a few minutes, Will took the first sip from his tea and made a disgusted face.

“This tastes awfully like I imagined a compost heap to taste like.”

The comparison made Hannibal laugh and he made a gesture in the direction of the living room.

“I can assure you, it’s nothing like this. Should you wish to know exactly which ingredients I used later on, I will provide you with the necessary information. How about we move over to the living room, Will?”

Nodding, Will picked up his mug and together they walked into the comfortable room and Will immediately took over the armchair which gave him the best view over the room.

With the mug cradled in his hands, Will leaned back into the comfortable chair with his eyes closed.

“Tell me what I can expect from your sex potion, Hannibal.”

If not for the teasing tone in Will’s voice, Hannibal would have considered this as something incredibly rude but coming from Will, it only made Hannibal smile while he sat down in the other arm chair.

“It will start with a warm feeling, which will spread in your body and relax your muscles, like when you are resting in your warm bed. Your mind will feel similar but you are still fully in control. It will just make it easier to fall into a completely relaxed state in body and mind. Afterwards you will experience a low-level arousal but the intensity depends on your whole state of mind and how much you are able to relax.”

Will was taking sips of tea while Hannibal spoke and the first effects were already visible. The cramped up muscles in Will's shoulders started to loosen.

"What happens then?"

Will still held his eyes closed but he sounded comfortable and relaxed already.

"You can do and imagine what you want, Will. I can leave or stay and offer your any kind of distraction you may need. As I already said, the choice is yours and you are still full in control just more...open to suggestions."

"Stay, please," was Will's eminent answer and it was a good thing that Will still had his eyes closed or he would have seen the hungry smile on Hannibal's face.

"As you wish, Will."

There was a certain finality in Hannibal's voice and Will shivered at it.

When Will tried to move like he wanted to put the mug down, Hannibal was on his feet and the carpet swallowed the sounds of his steps. He took the mug from Will who didn't seem to be startled when the mug was taken from him.

Will's breathing was soft and deep and the way he was leaning back into the chair offered Hannibal a perfect view of his throat and Hannibal wondered what it would feel like to have Will's pulse hammer under his fingers when he closed them around it.

"Could you...could you keep talking, Hannibal?"

An unusual request but not something Hannibal would decline.

"The herbs in your tea, I gathered them myself. I only picked the best of the best. The softest and youngest leaves, the most beautiful petals. I dried them carefully and sorted out what wasn't good enough anymore after drying them. The secret to the perfect result is the right mix of the herbs. You can't be relaxed when your body craves a release far too soon."

Will released a shaky breath and Hannibal wasn't sure if he was actually listening but it didn't matter. Not when Hannibal could already scent Will's rising arousal in the air.

"Do you drink this yourself sometimes, Hannibal?"

The way Will spoke his name, a breathless whisper and close to a gasp, was enough to make arousal rise in Hannibal's own body.

Returning to his own seat, Hannibal made himself comfortable and observed Will sitting across from him with his eyes still closed.

"Sometimes, yes. My job lacks the horrors you have to face but sometimes even I need a moment to relax and to be able to focus on nothing but pleasure. Is there something that you

find desirable, Will?"

Will bit down on his bottom lip and his fingers twitched against the armrests.

"Your hands," was Will almost shy and whispered answer.

Stunned, Hannibal looked down at his own hands but a pleases feeling warmed his chest. This was going in a direction Hannibal hadn't anticipated but he would be lying when he said he was unhappy about it.

"What especially about my hands, Will?"

Shifting in his seat, Will tried to find a more comfortable position and Hannibal noticed Will's already noticeable erection denting his pants.

"Strong and sure, that's how you...handle everything. From a pen between your fingers to a knife in your kitchen...or when you draw and creature music. Talented hands full of strength."

" *Hands with the strength to kill* ," Hannibal thought to himself but out loud he said something different.

"Do you want to feel my hands on you, Will?"

A loaded question, Hannibal knew this, but Will's hiss and the rapid movement of his eyes under closed eyelids were an answer itself.

"Where, Will? Where do you want to feel my hands?"

Will lifted a hand from the armrest and pressed the heel of his hand against his erection.

"Everywhere, I don't know where first."

Licking his lips, Hannibal allowed himself to walk closer to Will and kneel on the soft carpet next to the other man.

"Show me, Will. How you touch yourself…"

Still with his eyes closed, Will moaned but followed Hannibal's order and opened his pants to free his straining erection. Without hesitation, Will reached for his erection with his eyes still closed . Moaning when his fingers found his heated flesh, Will seemed to be completely unaware of Hannibal's presence.

Even in the throes of passion, Will managed to surprise Hannibal.

"Keep talking, Hannibal."

Not a request anymore but a demand and Hannibal's fingers itched with the urge to touch Will.

“Have you ever touched yourself while thinking about me, Will? My hands on your skin with the ghostly impression of a touch where you want it the most seconds before you come all over yourself?”

Hannibal didn’t even try to mask the desire colouring his voice and Will shivered while he used his second hand to rub his balls through his barely pushed down pants.

“Yes, that...that and more. Would you be careful with me, Hannibal, or would you be all soft and warm?”

Growling, Hannibal inched closer with his fingers almost touching Will’s heated skin.

“What would you prefer, Will? A slow night full of passionate love making until we fall asleep with the first ray of sunlight? Or completely different? A night full of rough sex that would make us sweat and leave stains wherever we choose to let the fire consume us?”

When Will suddenly looked at Hannibal with eyes more black than blue, Hannibal was shocked at the pure want he saw in these eyes.

It was simple to reach for Will’s leaking cock while they never looked away from each other. Will let go of his cock and allowed Hannibal to take over.

Mimicking the rough jerks Will had been using, Hannibal was pleased to see Will wasn’t shying away...and he never lowered his gaze either.

Will held onto Hannibal with remarkable strength, nails leaving marks in Hannibal’s skin.

When Will finally reached his orgasm, he was completely silent. He seemed to curl into himself, mouth opened but no sound came past his lips and Hannibal felt the urge to kiss him right then and there with Will’s release a slippery mess between his fingers.

Holding Will’s gaze, Hannibal licked over his fingers. This could be the start of something beautiful. Will had a stressful job after all and needed to relax more often.

End Notes

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